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Undated Letter from Linda Grace Hoyer to John Updike

Linda Grace Hoyer

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Monday Night

Dear John:

Your blanket is on its way, mailed from Morgantown tonight. Daddy is very proud of it. And I was tempted to keep it or get another one like it.

You may be glad to know, too, that Grandma is looking much better. A vacation from me was just what she needed, I guess.

The Schracks, Mr. Beard, Mr. McElroy, and Mr. Gellnett asked about you.

Chipper, if he goes on resting by the fire, will have to be called Chubby. His collar is quite snug and his skin positively taut. But Jolson is still long and elegant in new fur. (The very idea that anyone should try to blame your nasal condition on my dog is indefatigable.)

The mail arrived at three-thirty today. Since grandma and I were helping Grandpa look for it, that was mighty exciting. A strange cloud overlays this part of the country. We first saw it last evening when we started north from Philadelphia and it is still with us, making all of us feel a little strange. The enclosed clipping from the Times explains it. But of course it could be the aurora borealis.

A Reading man, named Charles Maage, won the Stop the Music jackpot last night, daddy wants you to know. Or have you read all of these things in the Harvard Crimson?

Aside from being a little depressed by the weather, we are a very brave quartet. However, we shall draw straws for the job of watching for the mail hereafter.

Love,

P.S. I asked to have the
New Yorker sent to you.
So, you may expect it about ~~here~~ first.
Pop and Mom

Mr. Gilbert sold me the rocks. I shipped them at noon to-day.